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RAVENNA, O., THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1886.

WHOLE No. 930.


PUBLISHED EACH THURSDAY, BY
S. D. HARRIS & SON

TERMS:
Per year, in advance.

Entered at the Post-office at Ravenna, O.

NOW
— IS A —
GOOD TIME TO BUY!
RISDON and TAYLOR
Would be pleased to see all in want of
Groceries  Provisions,
QUEENS-WARE and GLASS-WARE,

No. 3 MARVIN'S BLOCK. MAIN ST..
RAVENNA, OHIO.

 They Will Not be Undersold

Carbon Oil, Water White, - 10c per gallon
6 lbs. New Turkey Prunes for - - - 25c.

Call and See, and get a Drink of Cool Crystal
Lake Water.

LIVE POULTRY WANTED

SPRING OF 1886.

New Goods, New Goods!

—AT—

P. Flath's!

An entire New and Well Selected Stock of

CLOTHING

—IN—

Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's

SUITS.

 SUPERIOR QUALITY!
LATEST STYLES!
LOWEST FIGURES!

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FINE DRESS and FANCY SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR.

In fact, everything in this line, as well as TRUNKS and VALISES, SHAWL and SACHEL STRAPS, the best make of WORKING PANTS, OVERALLS, &c.,

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REMEMBER, here you can find the Largest and Finest Stock of

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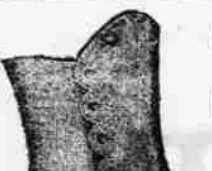
 Any one wishing a First Class Fitting, Well Made Suit, Pants, or anything in this line, will do well to call before buying.

First Class Goods at Lowest Living Prices!

P. ELATH,

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WHY SUFFER
—WITH THAT—
KIDNEY TROUBLE,
—WHEN—
Pratt's Aromatic Gin
WILL CURE ALL SUCH COMPLAINTS?
—ON SALE—
AT REED'S DRUG STORE
No. 2, OPERA BLOCK.

 **CALL AND SEE**
The NEW STYLES
Ladies' and Misses'

SHOES!
HIGH CUT AND COMMON SENSE SHOES
All Sizes and Prices, at
C. L. ROOD & CO.,

I have always lived in a New England village, and have ever sought to be a simple, honest, and industrious man. It is due to myself to state these things, because I have had here to set down some extraordinary and out of the common. I am a simple, unassuming, and a sound Christian precept, but I am in no way responsible for it. I merely relate some curious facts concerning my late wife, and her mother. She was a Quaker. Her mother is my youngest sister. Both her parents died in her infancy, and her education and admonition were given by her mother. She was a good girl in the main, but too much given to the conceits of the world—as her mother was. She was a Quaker, and would I could call beauty and grace; and though I made her dress demurely, she was never without a trinket, a trifling ornament, and she was not so obedient and loving; she rudely interrupted the preaching of the word with her conceits; and when my eyes were dim at night, she would read the Bible, and a book and read an edifying chapter of my choice to me.

"And the last time. But—but I loved him before!"

"The girl seemed to be losing her senses. I stared at her, but indignation kept me silent."

"I was in a quandary as to what that made me shiver."

"There are things which I can't explain to you, aunt, she said. I told you that I was in love with a sailor. I saw things in my sleep and I heard voices that tell me truly of much that is to happen to me from the great sea. I remember that number thirty so many of our ships and drowned so many sailors of our town I knew it weeks before they were lost. I remember that I saw the name of every wrecked ship and drowned sailor, but the people would have thought me crazy—so I got no dowry. I was twenty years old, and I had seen it all in my sleep two nights before. Months before Earl Converse he came to me in my sleep and said, 'I saw him. I saw him. I see you now, and knew that he was to be my husband. You can't believe it or nobody would, but Earl—he does.'"

"In pity to the girl, fearing that some devil had possession of her, I said no more. I said, 'I saw him. I saw him.' The 'squire and told him. He listened and asked me many questions and appeared thoughtful. But he agreed with me."

He looked at me curiously, and did not speak for a long time. Then he said:

"I have been thinking of that; but will not do. Poor as he is, they might marry now, in spite of us. No; we will let her go out again in the Conqueror. That will separate them for some months, and give us time to contrive."

Some time after the sailing of her lover I observed a great change in Faith. Her cheerfulness departed. She grew pensive and silent; once I found her in tears. I could not speak to her of the old, distressing subject, for

"Do you hear, Faith? The squire says that Capt. Converse is drowned," said the captain, and he turned to look at him on the 14th of June. He seemed weary and troubled. I can believe that he has been in danger and perplexity, and that he did not come to his senses in that way."

There was nothing to be said in the face of such perversity as this. The squire, however, was not to be deterred after the ship was at the dock, he sent in the particulars of the captain's sad fate. In the height of a storm the helmsman of the ship was killed, and he must have been stunned, for as he lay doubled over it he did not reach the shore. The boat was then hurled into the sea. No boat could live in such a gale, and nothing could be done to help him. The mate saw it all, but he was too late to do anything.

All this told to Faith. She merely shook her head. I grow angry—I could not help it.

"What girl!" I cried. "Will you insist after this that he is yet alive?"

"I know he is," was her calm reply. "I am sure he is, because I saw him flying in the face of Providence. These visions and dreamings are not of God—the adversary is in them. Confess your own sin, and you will see the truth; weep; mourn a little, if you will, for your dead—and then, in due time,

[illegible]

written and have yet to write. On the night of Aug. 7, 1859, a furious storm came in from the sea and raged a night over the town. You can be shown to-day the great trees that were splintered and scarred with the lightning; strong men who were children then remember how they cowered and shuddered as they heard His terrible voice in the storm and the thunder. Until daylight I was upon my knees. At the dawn I tapped upon their doors. They answered not. I softly unlocked them. They were asleep, but they had already awakened to a fairer morning than this. Neither scarred nor scarred.

Agriculture in Mexico.

Although the main business of the country is agriculture, this branch of industry is carried on under exceptional and disadvantageous circumstances. One of the principal causes of this is the absolute country is divided up into immense *haciendas*, or landed estates of enormous extent, ranging from one of a population of ten million to more, the title to the soil is said to vest in not more than six thousand persons, and the land is divided up into leagues instead of square acres in extent, and are said to have irrigating ditches from forty to fifty miles in length. The drainage of the country is unutilized, and the water is wasted upon the remainder in the most reckless manner. The titles by which such land is held are of various kinds, varied, and probably to a considerably extent uncertain. Some came from the crown, some from the government, through viceroys; some from Mexico, through its governors or political chiefs; while even to a not inconsiderable part of all the good lands, the title is held by the Catholic church, although not recognized by the government, are still, to a certain extent, respected. Added to all this, there

stand I will tell you how I collected the material for the Siege of Vicksburg, the Mr. Morgan is now finishing. First I was at Washington, D. C., and collected every photograph and sketch pertaining to the siege of Vicksburg. I also secured the roll call of all the Federals engaged in the battle. To 38,000 of these men I sent circular letters, requesting them to send me the full name, rank, weight, height and photograph. Thousands of these letters have been answered. If they were all collected and arranged in alphabetical order, I think it would be the most interesting and most unique contribution to the history of the rebellion extant. A few days ago I received a letter from a man who asked him to send me a photograph of himself at the age when he was at the battle of Vicksburg with his father. Yesterday I received a letter from a man who sent a picture, representing a lad of 13. She writes: "Dear General: Inclosed find a photograph of my father when he was the age when he was at the battle of Vicksburg with his father, General Grant. It is the only one we have and I hope it will be of some interest to you. I prize it very much, will you kindly return it when your great picture is finished?"

There is a photograph of four men all standing in a row on crutches. You

"I mean you have a good deal of perseverance," explained the other.

"No, them's suckers; guess ye ain't lived in these parts, hey yer?" The traveler was not a little disgusted by the stranger's ignorance. —*Binghamton Republican.*

Mrs. Dunnire, the divorced wife of Guiteau, is in Washington for the purpose of getting a pension for her predeceased husband, who served in the Union army.

This country sends to foreign parts \$3,000,000 worth of locomotives a year, and Philadelphia has a big hand in it.

[illegible]

occupying twenty minutes. The ship
again returned to the exact point of
departure, and the sailing was
this last being a material point in the
experiments, when we reflect upon the
ages of bumping and other exaspera-
tions which have hitherto attended
Coxswells and the Glaishers in the
days of ballooning. The report of the
sailing was so good, that the next
voyage made the balloon returned in
five cases to the exact point of depar-
ture. Trials such as described would
be enough to induce the most sys-
tematic navigation in the air is a pro-
ject which in a few years may appeal
to the public as a scheme deserving
support. It is not to imagine that we
clined at first to regard an aerial voy-
age with feelings of distrust; but peo-
ple still living can remember the de-
tails of the first balloon voyage, and
in an express train at the rate of six-
ty miles an hour was regarded with
astonishment. The first balloon voy-
aged wonders in the matter of air
way traveling, may be trusted to soft-
en up any asperities of thought with
reference to the possibility of making
navigable balloons may be at present
unconsumed.

formed the victim that it would be much as his life was worth to go away and leave the key in the box, as so fellow might come along and turn off false alarm. So the new man "linge near, like Macy's" little lamb after teacher had put it out, till Superintendence could be found. The policeman need not feel sore over the matter for there is a young man in town who rushed to a box to turn in an alarm, who, when he had opened the box, nothing but stand and shout fire into as if it were a telephone. —*Portland Oregonian*.

The sachet she carries on her arm is a small, amphibious animal whose only crime consisted of basking in the sunshine on the mud flats of the St. John's river, and of drinking the waters of the St. Albans. Alas! the waters, or watching for an incautious black pickaninny on whom to make a meal.

The silk dress she robes herself in was made from the winding threads that formed protection for thousands of the same creature, and which were ruthlessly and cruelly scaled within their sections. Alas! the threads they might eat their way or spoil the continuity of the valuations.

The saquee that shields her fair form from the rude wintry blasts once helped protect a beautiful animal, whose native land was the warm, sunny clime of Africa, where he was ruthlessly sacrificed for species of skin game; an animal whose purpose was domestication and enslavement to the high degree of the average Italian in musical abilities, as was demonstrated by several that were taken from the clime of Africa, where they handle the barrel-organ with marked skill.

The portemonnaie she so daintily carries is a small, and the card-case that accompanies her on calls of ceremony were once part of Asiatic tasks that excited the cupidity of Asiatic or African slave hunters.

green with spectral pallor; and the
western horizon in depths of blue
cold as the sky of Lands'end, except
brushed by tremulous shadows of re-
mote hills. The air was so clear and
wheeled upward in fantastic cur-
ves of its undiscovered glade. And the
soft glow of a single candle fell far
more marked on the impassive, so-
lonly human habitation. By-and-
we lost sight of the heavens altogether
in the dark, and the descent of the
descent of the hawk appeared to be
to a steep abyss of gloom: then all
once we broke from the edge of it
and the world below us lay in a few
feet were the whirling, foaming rap-
ids of the river; in our ears was the
roar of the cataract, where the bold
and away in long trailing shapes
other lightness.

The Cataract River runs a-
and throws itself over the rocks be-
with a fall of seventy feet, or a perpe-
dicular descent of sixty-two, making
the most beautiful and sublime scene
Just below, Eagle Falls drops over
precipice in a lumpy cascade. The re-
of the cataract, under favorable con-
the river, and the distance from the
stream a distance of ten or twelve mil-
You will not find in mountainous K.
tucky a more picturesque spot. In
hold the heart of the traveler.

They met again in Washington at the beginning of Jefferson's administration, when Giles was Senator Duval controller of the treasury. They were happy in the revival of old times and were enjoying themselves in chatting about them until Senator Giles quired of Duval. "What has become of that d—d cackling old maid, Jer Gibbons?"

"She is Mrs. Duval, sir," was the reply, and it is needless to say that conversation after this was for a time rather strained.